GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Cooped Up by a Lion and Treed by a Rhi-

On my second trip to Africa as agent of the Ramburg animal house, and one night when encamped on a stream in the Transvaal, there ive stock broke away and ran off in terror. As oon as daylight came we started out to recover the animals. Two horses which I was after led me a long chase, and as I passed over some broken ground close to a great mass of rock my horse stumbled and threw me over his head. I wasn't much hurt by the fall, but the horse acted in a manner unaccountable to me. He ran off at the top of his speed, never heeding my signal calls, and my rifle was strapped to the saddle and my revolvers in the holsters. For a minute I was lost in astonishment at his conduct, but then the mystery was explained in a way to startle me. About five rods off. Standing beside a bush, was one of the largest Bons I ever saw. He stood facing me, and was switching his tall right and left.

In t e mass of rock ten feet to my right was an opening, and I jumped for it and squeezed in just as the lion came up. Luckily for me. at least on this occasion, I was thin in flesh, weighing less than 120 pounds. The hole was very irregular and ran back about eight feet, and was tall enough for me to stand up in. It was also lucky that the ilon was a big fellow, for he worked his hardest to get at me, and gave up only after fifteen minutes trial. His head was too big for the opening, and when he reached for me with his paws he fell short by three or four feet. When I first realized that I was safe I regarded the situation as a good joke on thelion, but later on I had reason to change my views.

The lion had been asleep under the bush when I came galloping up. His near presence was what frightened my horse into running off as he did, and the beast had been somewhat confused over the row and had delayed rushing upon me until I had gained shelter. When he found me beyond his reach he got very mad and growled and roared and bit at the rocks and I shouted and kicked at him to keep the fun going. After ten or fifteen minutes' useless work the ilon backed away and lay down in front of my prison, and then I began to realize the situation. It was a hot morning and I was already thirsty, while I had been in such a hurry to leave camp that I had eaten nothing. The rocks were still dripping with the rains of the previous night, and I could thus take the edge off my thirst. I also had matches and cigars, and was not so badly off for a brief siege. I fully expected his massesty to rearse within an hour or two, as he lay full in the sun, and it is the custom of all the feline tribe to sleep by day and to retire to a shady and secluded spot. I judged my distance from camp to be about six miles, and if any of our people came that way the ilon would be prestly sure to make a sneak. Up to noon I was momentarily expecting to hear their approach. It then occurred to me that no one would know exactly which way I went, or how far I had galioped, and they might search for a whole day and not come within miles of me. By high noon the lion was panting with the heat, but he would not move, although there was shade only twenty feet away.

I could not stretch out at full length, but I got a comfertable position and fell saleep soon after noon, and did not open my eyes again until lust at sundown. I could not see that the lion had moved an inch, but he lay with his heat on his paws, as if he had also taken a long nap. My recole had no doubt searched for me, but they had not come in the right direction, and I might as well prepare to spend the night in the cave. I was very hungry and thirsty by this time. I licked the damp rooks all around me to cool my tongue, but had not a morsel of anything to stay my stomach. With a loose stone I broke off pieces from the rocks and flung them out at the lion, but he only growled and showed his teeth in reply. I then made as if I would crawl they were almost like lanterns. While the situation was unpleasant, it might be worse, and as my and I shouted and kicked at him to keep the fun going. After ten or fifteen minutes' use-

nights I turned in as soon as darkness came down, and was soon oblivious of all things earthy.

Some time in the night I was aroused by the lion roaring and making a great fuss, and I made out that another male was in the neighborhood and challenging him to fight. It was none of my affair, however, and after listening for a while I dropned to sieep, and did not waken again until daylight. The first thing I saw as I looked out was my lion. He had not moved a rod, and had lost none of his determination to make a meal off my poor flesh. I was hopeful up to noon, but heard nothing. All the long afternoon I felt sure that help would come, but the sun went down and I was still a prisoner and the lion had not moved. He must be thirsty and hungry, and his remaining where he was showed that he possessed adogged obstinacy unknown in many others of his kind. The nearest water was four miles away. As darkness came I determined to add to the brute's sufferings, and I therefore worked my body as near the opening as I dared to and kicked at him until he was worked into a state of fury. This added to his thirst, and when he finally quieted down he waked about uncasily. Had he trotted off in the direction of the river I should not have dared leave my retreat, as the route to camp was a dangerous one by night, but he did not go.

About 9 o'clock in the evening I heard another low reasons and had been and the proper size of the priver leave the such as and heard another lower and heard an

one by night, but he did not go.

About 9 o'clock in the evening I heard another lion roar close by, and he was instantly answered by my aller. I had made the old fellow mad all the way through, and he was pow anxious to fight. The other must have been in the same frame of mind, for it was not ten minutes before he advanced to the attack, and, although I could see nothing. I could catch the sounds of a most tremendous struggle. I telleve the fight lasted a tuil half hour, and two or three times the combatants rolled against the mass of rock. They finally drew away, the sounds become stainer, and I went with the sounds become stainer, and I went with the sounds become stainer, and I went wishle. After the line protections against surprise I crept out to find the coast actually clear, and I made a bee-line for camp and reached it without adventure. The men had just got news that allon had been captured in a pit about two miles away. I went with them after breakfast to get him out and from certain marks on the body ir eognized the animals whe one who had besleged me. We had no more trouble in getting him out than as if he had been a dog, but the mystery was exclained as we lifted him out. He was half dead with the injuries received in the light with the other lion. His right eye was destroyed, his saw fractured, the end of his tengue bitten off, his left hind leg broken, and he had been a dog, but the mystery was exclained as we lifted him out. He was half dead with the injuries received in the light with the other lion. His right yer was destroyed, his saw fractured, the end of his tengue bitten off, his left hind leg broken, and he had been bitten and clawed in flity different places. We did not believe that he would ever get well, and therefore killed him for the value of him for the value of his hid.

About four months later I had an adventure with a black rhinocetos, which the reader may deem worth printing. This breat, as all readers of natural history are wars, so no of the beast of the was had been been to

ground, and in his eagerness to get at me he reared up on his end. When I remained quiet he stood stock still, and I finally made up my mind that I was doomed to a night in the forest. I had my hunting knife, but no other weapon, I cut some branches to make my seat more comfortable, beeled a stout rope of bark to tie myself fast, and darkness came before I was fairly ready.

Of all the nights I ever put in on the African continent that was the worst and the longest. Darkness brought myriads of insects to bite and sting me; lions roased in a dozen direction; the chatter of jackals was continuous, and I distinctly felt a serpent oregins along the limbs over my head. During the long night three or four lions passed close to the free and saluted my guard with hoarse growis, and shortly before daybreak an animal who h i believed to be a cougar or panther would have climbed up after me from the ground had not the rhino chased him away. I was the happiest man in Africa when daylight came at last. The ugly beast stood just below me, lifting his hear now and then to see that I had not vanished. I was in a desperate mood and ready to take any chance, and in about ten minutes I gave him a great surprise. Cutting the rope which held me, and taking my knife in my teeth. I dropped plump on the old fellows broad back, rolled off astern, and before he could comprehend what was going on I grabbed him by the tail and woke him up with the point of the knife. He bolted at once, and he mu, thave been pretty thoroughly scared to go at the pace he did.

### A Chicago Time-Saver.

I was in the office of a Chicago real estate and loan agent the other day, and had scarcely got reated when a woman was admitted and asked him for a subscription to some charity.

With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am." he replied, and producing a check-book he filled out a check for \$10. She thanked him very sweetly as she withdrew, and it was only five minutes later when a man entered and asked for a contribution to some poor childrens' fund.
"Certainly—only too glad," reviled the agent, and he wrote another check for \$10.

After we had been interrupted four times, and he had cheerfully written four checks I said to him.

"You certainly deserve the title of a philan-thronist."
"Well, perhaps."
"But I notice that you ask no questions and take everything for granted. Have you no lear of being swindled?"
"None whatease."

take everything for granted. Have you no lear of being swindled?"

"None whatever."

"Well, the people of Chicago must be an honest crowd."

"Oh it isn't that my dear sir. Let me—"
Here a lady entored and asked for a contribution to assist in giving a free excursion to a Sunday school, and he wrote her a check for \$15 and waved her out and continued:

"Let me explain. All those checks are worthless as they are drawn on a bank where I have no funds. I do it to save time. All these callers come prepared to argue and explain and contend, and each one of them would sit for half an hour. By giving these checks I secure a great reputation around the block as a philauthropist and a well-heeled man, and it costs ma nothing. When—"
Here he paused to fill out a check for \$20 for the establishment of a sallors' bethel, and then finished:

"When the checks are presented they are found to be worthless, and those holding them either get mad or see the joke. In either case they never return, nor do they give me away. Try it, my boy. Baves time, money, and gab, and it won't be a month before you'll be satisfied that you are doing charity a better service than if you were handing out the cold cash."

### They Were Kind.

The two of them were rubbing their backs against the Broadway wall of the Post Office to get up an artificial heat as they watched the people passing by intent on Santa Claus. "Going to hang up your stocking. Jim?"

"Going to hang up your stocking. Jim?"
finally asked one.
"Naw!"
"For why?"
"Down on the custom."
"Beautiful sentiment, Jim."
"Can't see it. Three years ago to-day I was in jail in a Kanasa town."
"No Santa Claus there. ch?"
"Too much of it. Crowd came about 4 P. M. and hung up both my stockings for me."
"Shoo! Must be a kind lot o people out there!"
"Werry, werry kind. considerin' I was inside the stockings when they were hung up. Throat feels sore yet. Let's make a sneak for some sidewalk ventilator."

A Dire Revenge. He had been bounced out of a West street saloon, and was much ruffed, when an ob-

server took a stop nearer and asked: Throw you out?"

"Throw you out?"

"Yes, threw me right out!"
"Any particular reason?"
"I haven't any money,"
I see. Wel!?"
"Well, the blooming bloke didn't get any the best of me, and don't you forget it!"
"Did you hit him?"
"Hit him! Forty times worse than that! I told him right in the presence of two other blooming blokes that he was no gentlemen!"

STORIES OF A FAMOUS LAWYER. Butler's Career at the Bar-Ris

From the Poston Dally Advertiser. The legal ability of Gen. Butler has long commanded the admiration of his fellow members of the Boston bar. Since the General's announcement in the United States Dis-triet Court, that the Johnson case would be probably the last criminal cause that he should ever try, the legal fraternity has indulged in many reminiscences of their distinguished fellow member's long and in many respects remarkable legal career. There are few lawyers in practice in Boston to-day who recall the beginning of Gen. Butler's legal career. One of these few is I. S. Morse, who, indeed, began the life of a lawyer on the very same day as Gen. Butler.

"Butler and myself," said Mr. Morse, "had each studied law for three years lacking three months. We had studied in different offices in Lowell. If we had completed the three years' course of study it would not have been necessary to take an examination. I do not recall what Judge it was to whom we applied to be examined, but I remember he asked why we wished to be examined at all when three months more study would secure our admis-sion to the bar. Ben said: 'We want to know whether we know anything or not.' The next morning we went to the Judge at the Merrimae House to be examined. It was my turn first. The Judge had a lot of questions prepared, which I answered to the best of my ability. Then it was Ben's turn. When he came out I asked him how he got along, and he said: 'Hang it! He made me answer a lot of ques-tions, but would not tell me whether I had passed or not.' The next day the Judge announced in court that we had passed the examination, and were entitled to admission to the har. This was in 1840."

Gen. Butler was 22 years of age when he was admitted to the bar. As a law student he had been a hard worker as well as a quick scholar, and his memory and application were equally great. Before his admission to the bar he had practised a little in the police court at Lowell, conducting suits brought by factory girls against mill corporations for wages withheld on one pretence or another, and glad enough to earn an occasional fee of \$2. The advice which the aspiring limb of the law gave to the was an incident of his early legal days which made him well regarded by the mill owners. Two or three thousand of the mill girls assembled in a grove to discuss their grievances. The young lawyer accepted an invitation to address them, and gave them sound advice, admitting the justice of their claims, but advising them to return to work and strive, either by remonstrance or appeal to the Legislature, to secure shorter hours and better pay. This advice caused the girls to return to work. Lawyer Butler entered into par nership with

his preceptor, William Smith, father of H. F. Durant. It was not long before he acquired a large practice. One of his earliest cases was a most important one. It was an action against the city of Lowell for damages claimed for injuries received by falling into a cellarway which opened upon the sidewalk. The young lawyer won his case, and the city paid \$2,000 damages, the principle that cities are liable for such defects being then established. In another early case, the audacity which has always distinguished Gen. Butler in court was displayed most effectively. The case being called in court, the young lawyer said, in the usual way: "Let notice be given."
"In what paper." was the inquiry of the

gray-haired clerk of the court, a stanch Whig. 'In the Lowell Advertiser," said the young Democratic lawyer, naming a Jackson paper. 'I don't know such a paper," said the Whig elerk, disdainfully.

Don't interrupt the court proceedings. Mr Clerk," said the lawyer, "for if you begin to tell us what you don't know there will be no time for anything else."

Gen. Butler's prompiness of retort is prover-bial. Another well-remembered case of this sort occurred at a later day. He was crossquestioning a witness in a somewhat sharp manner, and the Judge interposed, reminding the lawyer that the witness was a Harvard professor. "I know it, your Honor," he replied.

we hanged one of them the other day." Gen. Butler had a great practice before the

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### GREAT BARGAINS IN

# Plush Rockers, Fancy Chairs, Tables, Sideboards, &c., &c.

The state of the control of the cont and the other three indictments were not prossed. But when the counsel for the prosecution moved for sentence tien. Butler nointed out a fatal flaw, manifest to every one when attention was called to it. In ten minutes the astonished prisoner was a free man. It is said that the Court laughed at the cuse, the cloverness of which it was impossible not to admire. As has been said, lawers do not fail to express admiration for Gen. Butler's legal abilities. Said Mr. Merse: "For soventeen years prior to 1871 I was District Attorney of Middlessex county. Gen. Butler defended a great many criminals during my term of office. He

THE RAVENS OF ALASKA. They Are to the North What the Turkey Buzzards Are to the South,

AMONG THE SCHOOL LADS AND LASSIES How Students Enjoy Themselves These Long Winter Nights, Three years ago, when the class of '91 at the

Adelphi Academy was in its junior year, eight

young ladies of the class decided to give a soirée, and if the venture was successful to | zin to Friedrichsruhe. The train arrived throughout the winter. Naturally, the soirce the shouting, cheering erowd surged up was successful. Wishing to accomplish still against the train. While Prof. Schweninger was successful. Wishing to accombish still more good the same young indee formed themselves her young indee formed themselves her young indeed formed themselves her young in the property of styled themselves the "Junior Eight." Since leaving the junior class, however, the "Junior" has been dropped and "We Eight" has taken

very original story cuttled. A Christman Ro-man.e."
Rodeman Gilder and Owen Johnson, sons of the editors of the Chalury, have originated a novel and ratrictic idea. It is in the shape of a six-page lilustrated paper, published by the tendury Company. It is, alled "The Chimney Seat," and sells at 10 cents a copy, the pro-ceeds being devited to the Washington Me-morial Arch Fund.

Prom the Chicago Herald. OTTAWA, Kan., Dec. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Strong had arranged to celebrate the fifty-first anniversary of their marriage posterity, and relative-were present from various parts of the State to participate in the festivities. In the morning Mr. Strong died, and in the afternoon Mrs. Strong passed away.

BINMARCK AND THE STUDENTS. They Hold a Conversation at Railway Station.

Hundreds of students gathered at the Stettiner station in Berlin on Dec. 17 to see Prince Bismarck pass through on his way from Varpromptly at 5% o'clock in the afternoon, and Princess von Bismarck a bouquet of roses the great dark form of the ex-Chancellor.

"We vote as we shot." is the motte that has often been displayed on the transparencis in political campaigns sin e the war, and especially in these States where the sold are sement is large. It often happens that the fellows who carry banners of this kind did not "smell enough gut powder" during the late unpleasant these to render it sale for them to be calling attention to their military records, and there is a story told in which Congressman Taraney of kansas City used up several men of this lik.

It was in the campaign of 1880, Mr. Taraney was then a recident of Kansas City, but that summer he puid a visit to his native town in Michigan. They had a hig political meeting there, and, wishing to honor their former townsman, Mr. Taraney was asked to make a speech. He was a fine talker, and the Roublican sent for Capt. Alien, one of the present Hepublican members from Michigan. It seems that he was a fine talker, and the Roublican sent for Capt. Alien and Taraney should divide time. The Hepublican swarmed is from all the neighboring towns. They surrounded the stand, and when Taraney should divide time. The Hepublican swarmed is from all the neighboring towns. They surrounded the stand, and when Taraney so up to speak fly or risk follows held up a big banner right in front of the Democrat, on which was painted in big red letters: "We vote as we shot." They kept turning the banner around, as if to attract Taraney's attention. They succeeded, for finally he looked them squarely in the face, and said:

"You vote as you shot, do you?"

"We do!" said one leg, strapping fellow.

Then Taraney commenced to single them out one by one, and as he pointed his finger at them he said:

"You work say out the first row happened to short succeeded, for finally he looked them sont of you on the first row happened to short succeeded, for finally he looked them sont of you on the first row happened to short succeeded, for finally he looked them sont of you on the first row are not likely to bure.

Then Taraney and you Mr. White, and